

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.

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THE PARADE OF THE COLOURS: HONOURING A DIVISION FOR ITS HEROISM AT VERDUN.

The "Honneur et Patrie" upon the colours sums up the very spirit and purpose of the Allies in the Great War. Our picture will be historic. It represents a parade of the colours of all the regiments of General Gouraud's army—ordered by the

Commander himself—as a salute to a Division which has distinguished itself at Verdun. General Gouraud himself, who, it will be recalled, has lost an arm in the service of his country during the Great War, is seen in the illustration.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.



## LITERATURE.

## The Study of International Relations.

"An Introduction to the Study of International Relations" (Macmillan) apparently owes its existence to the Council for the Study of International Relations. That body, which has educative aims, found itself hampered in beginning its work by lack of literature "suitable for use in study circles and classes." It therefore entrusted to certain scholars—or, it may be, suggested to them—the provision of a general text-book; and here in this little volume is the altruistic result. The six papers composing it are packed with matter quite appropriately offered for general perusal at this moment. At the same time, members of "study circles and classes" may need to be warned that, though admirably suggestive, these essays have not the authority usually looked for in text-books. Mr. A. J. Grant, of the University of Leeds, comes first with a chapter on "War and Peace since 1815," the closing sentence of which is, "In whatever form, there must be a European directorate." Now, supposing we admit Professor Grant's contention that there can be no guarantee of international peace except by international institutions, and, again, that the State and the nation would gain enormously by recognising their subordination to Europe, or even to a human unity greater than Europe, and by allowing nationalist and imperialist aims to be modified and overruled by the claims of humanity—admit all this, it does not yet follow that there must be a European directorate, in any form whatsoever. For, unfortunately, this is a world in which, as we who live in it now have the best reasons for discerning, even that ardently longed for by all is not attainable; far less so a millennium which at least a considerable minority of its inhabitants quite frankly profess no anxiety to enjoy. Accordingly, even could we endorse Professor Grant's confident conclusions, we should still have to point out, especially to those for whom the volume is designed, that these rest upon quite another basis of authority from, say, his exposition of the reasons for the failure of the Holy Alliance, or of the ideas and policies of Cavour, Napoleon III., and Bismarck. A similar reserve, in the interests of practical world-politics, must be made in the case of other chapters in the volume; that done, we commend to all readers, whether students in circles and classes or not, the extremely suggestive speculations as well as surveys of Mr. Grant, and those collaborating with him. These are Mr. F. F. Urquhart, on "The Causes of Modern Wars"; Mr. Arthur Greenwood, on "International Economic Relations," and, again, on "International Relations and the Growth of Freedom"; Mr. J. D. I. Hughes, on "International Law"; and Mr. P. H. Kerr, on "Political Relations between Advanced and Backward Peoples." The last-named strikes us as a particularly valuable contribution. All are lucidly arranged; and appended to each—making not the least useful part of the volume as a whole—is a selected bibliography.

## A Venturesome Voyage.

A whimsical vein of humour, curiously blent with matter of practical interest and informative value, makes Mr. Ralph Stock's new volume, "The Chequered Cruise" (Grant Richards), an altogether unconventional and readable book of travel. As the author warns his companions at the outset, the kind of thing he proposes will "hardly be the Grand Tour." It certainly is not. It is something very much better than a catalogue of the luxuries which attend the peregrinations of plutocrats. There are hardships and perils, quaint experiences in the South Sea Islands; "moving accidents by flood," if not by field. We are kept on the alert, anticipating the unexpected, and from start to finish of their great adventure the Company—Freckles, the Spinster, and the Nut—accept even the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" with unruffled good humour. The conception of "The Chequered Cruise" is original to the verge of audacity: the story of the "Venturesome Voyage" to the South Sea Islands is packed with exciting incidents and strange characters. Life on an emigrant-ship bound for Sydney is pictured with actuality and a good deal of sympathy; in the Spinster's mind "barter" and the South Sea Islands were inevitably associated, "hence the purchase of a trunkful of bead necklaces, coloured cloth, fish-hooks, and pocket-knives." But there are also thoughtful reflections, prompted by the endless procession of emigrants—"decent enough people, some distinctly superior, and all good average examples of their race"; and the author asks: "Is England aware of this constant drain on her very life-blood? Has she no need of these well-set-up men and women? Nothing to offer them in return for brain and muscle?" Before the purchase of the little boat, the *Wanderlust*, in which they made their adventurous cruise, the author gives us glimpses of life at the Antipodes, and endorses the labels of a well-known traveller: "Adelaide for culture, Melbourne for business, Sydney for pleasure." The adventures of the Firm soon begin: "Perhaps the most trying feature of a perfect nightmare of sensation was when the *Wanderlust*, lifted on a roller, soared high into the air. Up, up, she went, and for a moment hung suspended; then—there was no knowing—either she sank writhing into the ensuing trough, or met it with a crash that set every timber awork and made itself felt in one's very bowels... there is nothing like enraged Nature to give a man a glimpse of himself." Even the description of the wreck of the *Wanderlust* is not without a grim humour, and as the author says, "for an all-round chastening influence, it would be hard to find the equal of a shipwreck." The Company visited Fiji, and found the attitude of the inhabitants towards the War distinctly original, and humorous; and it is interesting to know that "Fiji is full of Germans... for the most part strongly anti-Kaiser, as is the case wherever one finds Germans in British dominions." One more glimpse of the humorous side of war-time, in Sydney: "Half-way down George Street, a German band—a German band was braying the 'Marseillaise' and 'Rule Britannia.' Each musician wore a Union Jack in his cap, and, gazing over his instrument at the passers-by with meek apprehension, blew for his very life." The volume is fully illustrated from photographs.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "THE HAPPY DAY." AT DALY'S.

THIS new piece only needs to be made shorter to count securely on providing many a happy evening for musical-comedy lovers at Daly's. That the story which Mr. Seymour Hicks provides turns on a very hackneyed theme is not a thing likely to interfere with its popularity. A marriage entered into by parties who begin by disliking each other and ultimately fall in love seems still the safest of cards to play in this sort of entertainment, and Mr. Hicks has made his a royal couple. They of course masquerade, and the comic relief depends on masquerade, which might be droller with advantage. Not that thinness in the libretto matters overmuch when there is such richness in every other element of the production—when dresses are sumptuous, comedians are many, turns are plentiful, and music is supplied in full measure, and is always melodious and taking. Not only does the cast include those prime favourites, Mr. G. P. Huntley and Mr. Lauri de Frece, as rogues passing themselves off for persons they are not; it also commands the services of Miss Rosina Filippi in her most amusing vein as a talkative Mistress of the Robes, and brings before us no less distinguished an actor than Mr. Arthur Wontner in the guise of a Ruritanian prince. The artist, however, who scores most so far in "The Happy Day" is Miss Jose Collins, who with her attractive voice and picturesque personality proves herself a very real acquisition to our musical-comedy stage. But there are pretty tunes besides for Mr. Thorpe Bates and Miss Winifred Barnes, and Miss Unity More also gets her chances. So fine a company as that at Daly's would make the fortunes of a piece much less calculated to please than this. It is loaded—perhaps a little overloaded—with dainties. But that is a fault on the right side, and is soon remedied.

## "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

It says a good deal for the resources of Mr. Martin Harvey's art that he should be able to carry things off in the rôle of Petruchio. Of course, it is a bravura part, calling for talkativeness, swagger, high spirits, and humour; and there have been characters in his romantic repertory which have tested him in all these respects and shown him successful thereat. But he is not, at first glance, your ideal Petruchio. If Katherine leaps to the eye as a magnificent animal, and so atones for her shrewishness, then her tamer should be on the big scale in height and physique. Moreover, the stage has given us not merely magnetic Katherines in those of Ada Rehan and Lily Brayton, but at least one Petruchio who looked the dominating and masterful male—Mr. Asche's Petruchio. So that Mr. Harvey, whenever he stages the broad Shakespearean farce, has to fight against recent memories as well as traditions and prepossessions. But really there is no absolute necessity that the man should be a giant, so long as he is able to lift his Kate and play the seeming bullock and bully with the right air, as this Petruchio does. Mr. Harvey's is a very gay and vivacious performance; and Miss de Silva's Katherine is adequate to her scenes, if not so magnetic as other representatives of the Shrew. There are some pretty effects, too, in the production at His Majesty's—notably in the wedding festivities—and some interesting engagements for the minor personages of the drama. Thus we have Mr. Robson as an extremely glib and nimble Grumio, quite on novel lines of extravagance; while Mr. Rutland Barrington scores in broad bucolic fun as Christopher Sly, though, unfortunately, too long compelled to act with his back to the audience. The retention of Sly upon the stage throughout the action is one of many good features of the rendering.

## "THE BOOMERANG." AT THE QUEEN'S.

Once more a good thing has been sent us from America, and this time it is a genuine comedy of sentiment. "The Boomerang" has an old-world idea behind it, but it is very ingeniously and laughably worked out. The authors, Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes, may take overlong in getting their plot under way, but its complications are delightfully intriguing, once the rather slow business of exposition is disposed of. The motto of their play might be "Physician, heal thyself." For here we have a doctor giving shrewd advice and treatment to a patient suffering from the malady of love, and finding himself made the victim of his own recipe. His demure little girl-secretary overhears the instructions he gives to bashful Guy Woodbridge, and employs them on the unsuspecting medico. Does success in love involve the assumption of indifference and the stimulation of jealousy? Very well, then, the doctor shall be forced to suffer from such rules of the game. It all makes the best of fun, from the skit on a scene of medical diagnosis down to the spectacle of Dr. Sumner turned jealous. And it gets the right treatment at the Queen's—from Miss Fay Compton, as arch and dainty a mix as one could wish to see; from Mr. Stanley Logan, as the cynic on whom his own boomerang recoils; and from Mr. Kenneth Douglas, whose assumption of gaucherie and shyness makes for constant amusement.

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## NEW NOVELS.

## "The Yeoman Adventurer."

It is at a time when a nation is making history that the reflective mind turns naturally to the history that has been made already; which may perhaps account for the unusual number of historical novels that have found their way to the reviewer's table this season. Curiously enough, too, at the present juncture, not a few of them deal with the romantic side of bygone rebellions. "The Yeoman Adventurer" (Methuen), by Mr. George W. Gough (is Mr. Gough himself a yeoman adventurer in the field of fiction?) deals with the '45. It is written with a careful simplicity; but the author has not been afraid to introduce many characters; or to set them to intricate figures of love and warfare. His sympathies, it need hardly be said, are on the losing side. Plainly, too, he loves a horseman, and a Highland chieftain. He brings in Captain MacLachlan, of the Prince's Army. The name bears us back to the twentieth century—follow where and for whom the MacLachlans are fighting to-day! His book is long, the production, we think, of a sober-witted person, who would rather run the risk of being prosy than leave ragged edges to his composition. So "The Yeoman Adventurer" proceeds, in a manner undeviating and almost stately, from the first thrilling encounter of the hero and heroine in her escape from the dragons, to the detailed description of the two children who bless their happy union. It is not a meteoric book, but it is a very pleasant and readable one.

## "Earth to Earth."

"Earth to Earth" (Heinemann) is a characteristic Richard Dehan book of short stories. They are loose-jointed, peppered with adjectives and dialect, wildly dramatic and careless of the niceties of the English language. The Anglo-Indian ones outdo the youthful Kipling in their descriptions of the frailty of the hill-widow; the stories of the Bohemian MacWaugh reek of tobacco and whiskey, and the generous disposition that goes with trousers baggy at the knees. Richard Dehan alternately exasperates and captivates the critic. The MacWaugh's Scottish tongue is maddening, because it is a wilful impediment to the enjoyment of several excellent stories. The sentiment in "A Nursery Tea" is laid on with a trowel; but there are few short-story tellers of the hour who have the imaginative gift that could create Nurse Brown and her prodigal sons and daughter. "Lilium Peccatorum" is an inspiration that might have come to Bret Harte—not the Bret Harte of Roaring Camp, but the later master who drew up strange and grotesque little fantasies from the depths of his erratic genius. Those two last words, we think, fit Richard Dehan, running amuck in the orthodoxies of our grammar, shovelling Southsea garrison backs, and Chelsea artists, and merchant seamen, and ladies of easy virtue into one generous volume, and rollicking on her way.

## "The Winds of the World."

Here is the story of the beginning of the war in India, the first dip into priceless material for the people busy in making books. It is a very good story, informed (as it should be) with the marvel and mystery of the East. The wonderful ways of Yasmini of the bazaars, who had all the wiles of the most ancient of trades and all the cunning of the Oriental combined at her command, are the pivot on which the plot revolves. Yasmini is one too many for all men, from the English Colonel, whom she brings to his knees, to the German intriguer whose just end does not arrive until the last breathless chapter. "The Winds of the World" (Cassell) concerns itself with the part played by Ranjoor Singh, of Outram's Own, when the enemy within the gate sought to undermine his loyalty. He played with the German, and Outram's Own, so far from breaking in mutiny, went as one man to fight for the Empire on the soil of France. All this, of course, makes fine reading, and Mr. Talbot Mundy is happy in the way he handles his subject. Perhaps there is just a little too much mystification—the novel-reader is a simple person, who does not love the intricacies of too deep a plot—but the dark ways are made plain at the end of the story. It may be the highest praise of all to say that Ranjoor Singh's adventure is just the kind of thing that might have happened to one Kimball O'Hara, of the Secret Service, when he came to man's estate.

## "The Man and the Woman."

Much water has flowed under bridges since Mr. F. C. Philips wrote "As In a Looking-Glass," and now, in collaboration with A. R. T. Philips, he produces "The Man and the Woman" (Eveleigh Nash). Tastes have changed perhaps, and these are serious times, when a certain sort of callous flippancy fails to entertain. We ache to be amused; but, frankly, we are not amused by this tale of a worthless man and a silly woman. It is all not worth while, and so one feels it cannot be worth reading. The man who is unfaithful to the bride he loves on his honeymoon, and the wife who accepts her husband's protection and society and forswears her marriage vow—these people are nauseous. The book seems to have been designed as a comedy of worthless humanity, and if that has indeed been the authors' intention, they are to be congratulated on its adequate fulfilment.

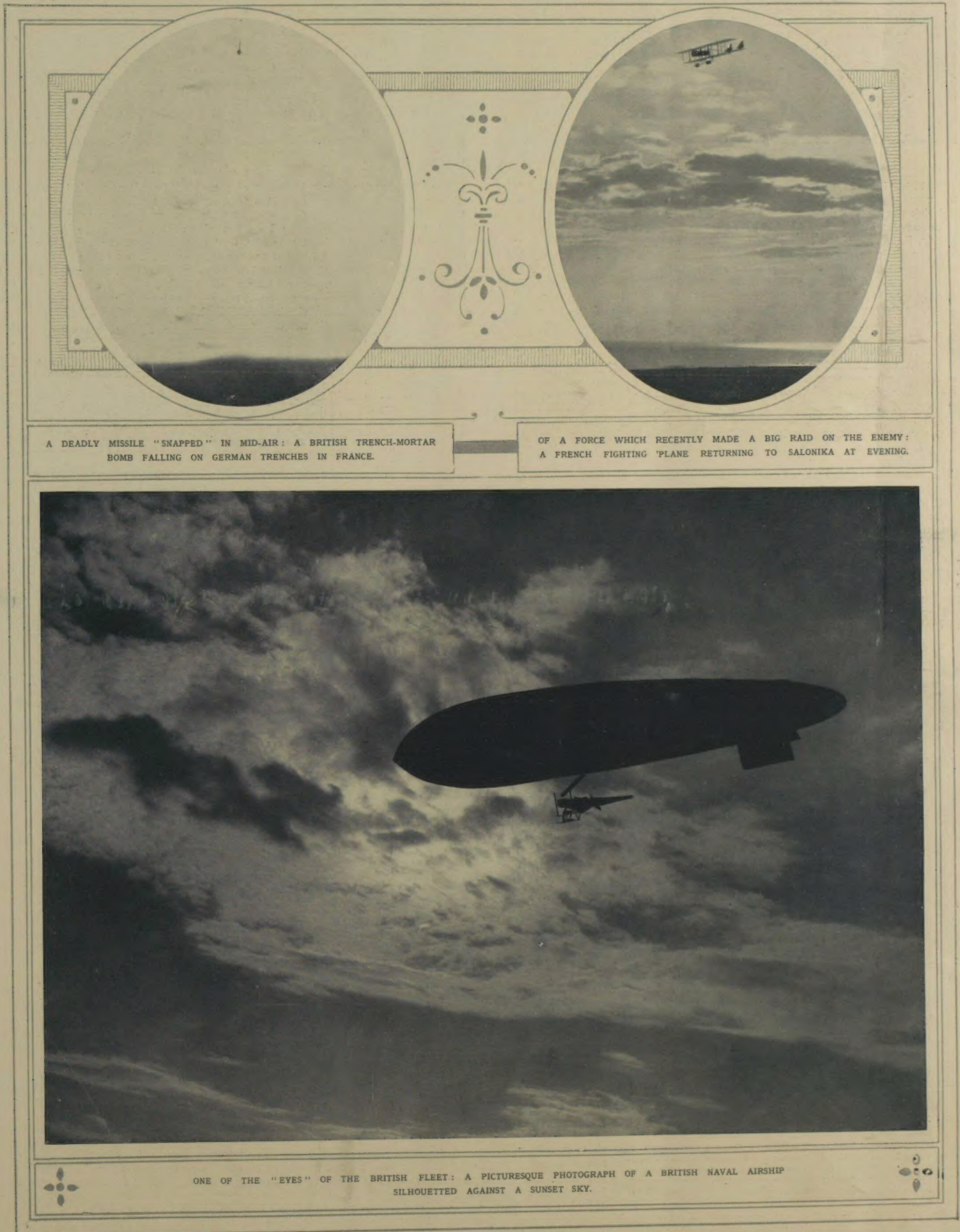
## "The Right Divine."

The sincerity of "The Right Divine" (Chapman and Hall) is only one of the virtues of a pleasant and manly book. All these traits are, too, to be found in the character of the hero, Stuart Hamilton, who left the Scottish ministry to be a journalist in London. Scruples of faith had something to do with his defection; but not quite as much as Stuart Hamilton believed. He was not the man to vegetate in a lonely parish, to preach hell-fire to farmers, and dine with the old ladies. He was half-engaged to a girl who threw him over when he told her he meant to leave the Church. This was lucky for Hamilton, for Hannah was about the dullest young woman it has been our fortune to meet, in a book or out of it. From her he escaped to the enchantment of London and the London siren. It would be unfair to tell more of the plot; those who read this review will prefer to follow Mr. Harold Thomson's excellent story in the original.



# WONDERS OF MODERN WAR: SOME STRIKING PHOTOGRAPHIC EFFECTS.

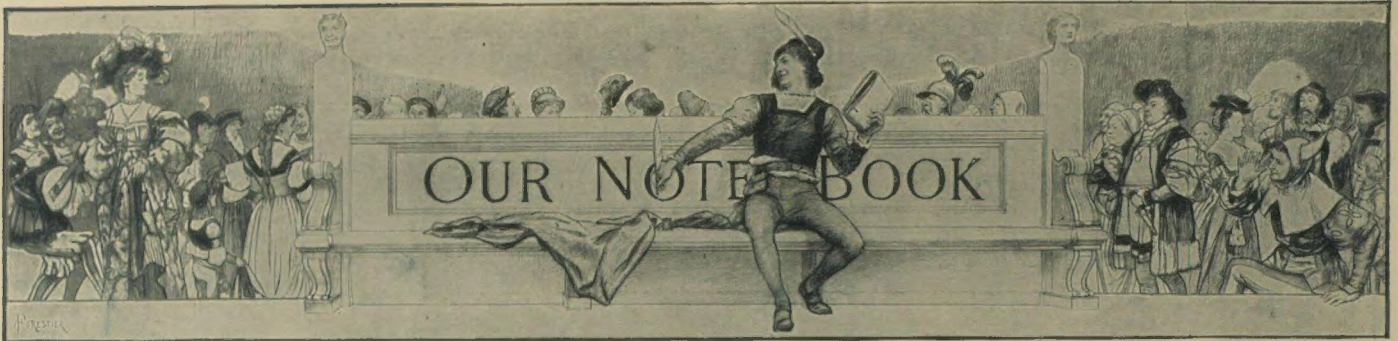
OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ISSUED BY THE PRESS BUREAU AND SUPPLIED BY SPORT AND GENERAL, ALPIERI, AND C.N.



War has provided photographers with many thrilling experiences and wonderful subjects. The above examples of the art of the camera show a combination of mechanical marvels with strikingly picturesque effects. The trench-mortar bomb, such as that seen in the air in the first photograph, is one of the deadliest of modern missiles. It soars up in a high arch over its objective, and seems to poise in the air a moment before it descends on its victims with shattering effect. As regards Photograph No. 2, it may be recalled that

the French airmen at Salonika have been extremely active. Writing thence on May 14, Mr. G. J. Stevens said: "The French aviation corps organised and put into execution this morning an aerial raid of a magnitude not before attempted on this front. The aeroplanes left at four this morning to attack reported enemy concentrations at Xanthi. About 400 bombs were thrown, causing, it is believed, great damage among the enemy's military encampments, buildings, and Zeppelin hangars. All the aeroplanes returned safely."





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

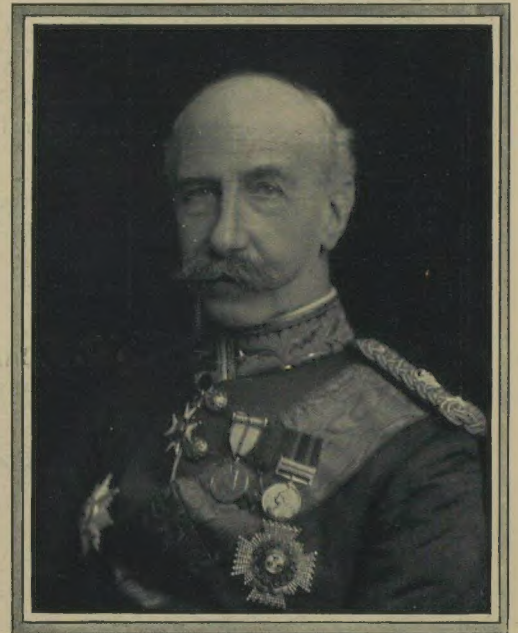
**T**REITSCHKE, the prince of Professors, has a passage about certain difficulties experienced by Frederick the Great in his highly original settlement of the question of Poland. Certain aristocrats of that country, he says, behaved with the utmost ferocity; and showed what the Professor calls "that indifference to the feelings of other nations which is so characteristic of the Poles." That, so far as I remember, is the only excuse which he offers for the partition of Poland, beyond a phrase about the necessity of protecting "faithful East Prussia" against Polish insensibility to altruistic considerations. It occurs to me that if the Professor were to meet on a lonely road three men who professed their intention of cutting him into three pieces with a large knife, he might himself show a certain indifference to their feelings in the struggle which ensued. He might, perhaps, go so far as to maintain that their insensibility to his feelings was even greater than his to theirs. But the phrase has always stuck in my mind as a curious example of the hopelessly lop-sided sentimentalism which assists the mere savagery of the Prussian. Poland ought to have consideration for the feelings of other nations, though other nations have no consideration even for the existence of Poland. If East Prussians are faithful to Prussia, they must be rewarded; but if Polish aristocrats are faithful to Poland, they are ferocious and highly inconsiderate. Yet this mere insanity of injustice is the nearest approach to a mild and philosophic consideration of the Polish question that the Prussians have ever given. Compared with their other publicists who have considered the case, Treitschke might be called liberal-minded. The normal attitude of the rulers of the German

It is quite a mistake to imagine that when we say such things we are merely throwing something or anything at a sort of Aunt Sally. We are drawing a portrait, the picture of something which we happen to dislike, but which would be there whether we liked it or not. The solid proof of this is that features which would be called favourable are just as much parts of the portrait as those that are unfavourable. Thus, when the Kaiser says that he has kept the peace for forty years, I do not deny it; nor am I at all surprised at it. It is one of the features in the portrait of the historical Prussian that he does remain in repose for long periods, and cannot be provoked from that repose either for vengeance or idealism. It is true that Prussia is often concerned to maintain the peace. It is also true that whenever she ends the peace, it is always with some extremely sudden act of violence or treachery. Thus old Frederick William avoided war as carefully as he collected warriors. In the next generation his son made war—without even the decency of declaring war. Thus Frederick the Great carefully kept the peace when he had gained all the advantages of the war. In his last days, like an enormous boa-constrictor, he digested the dead fragments of Poland and Silesia in an ancient and an evil sleep. Prussia was never even faintly excited either by the religious or the republican enthusiasms which wrestled like two giants in the Revolutionary Wars. Her part in them was small and private, either as a mercenary or a neutral. For her full revenge against the French Revolution she waited until 1870; and her first stroke was a forged telegram. As Professor Cramb truly says, in his somewhat pro-German criticism of Germany, "Prussia never struck until her hour struck"—that is, until she saw a special chance of striking, comparatively without risk and entirely without warning. In 1740 it was invasion without declaration; in 1870 it was interception and forgery; in 1914 it was violation of a neutralised State.

I have thought it worth while to repeat these realistic matters here, because the policy of Prussia at this moment resolves itself into one idea: the Prussian hopes to hide himself in the dust that he has raised. He would hide his familiar features as behind a sanguine cloud of slaughter. But his red mask of war is even more misleading than his white mask of peace. What he was at the end of the long peace before 1870, what he was at the end of the long peace after 1870, that he will be at the end of any peace he may make to-morrow, if we are such fools as to leave him strong enough to break it at his leisure. And if we want to know what he will then do to Europe, if he can, we shall be safe in asking ourselves, in the light of such phrases as I have quoted, what he has done to Poland. If he is successful, he will simply tell us to shut our mouths. But if he is unsuccessful, he will almost certainly tell us that we are wounding the feelings of the faithful Germans.

It is ours to resist both tendencies, not only in our enemies, but in ourselves. We cannot too often tell ourselves that what divides us from them is our view of Europe, which they regard as a loose and uncompleted Roman Empire, with its Rome at Berlin; but we as a permanent balance of Christian nationalities. The Partition of Poland was the worst insult to that European equality; but it was not the only one. We ourselves have been tempted in Ireland to such Prussian egomania and perversion; but we have conquered it in ourselves, and have already laid, if only in Land Acts and local government, the foundations of a more far-seeing and statesmanlike solution.

If we are wise, we shall permit no morbid return upon ourselves to disturb the saner prospect. Before the dust of the Dublin disturbance settles, some of us may be tempted to say, with more justice than Treitschke, that our feelings have been disregarded. But if we are wise, we shall not allow any such personal and temporary feelings to have much effect on our policy at all. Such unaltered composure will be a strength, not only because of the real smallness of the interruption, but because of the real largeness of the original design. The great foundations of a new

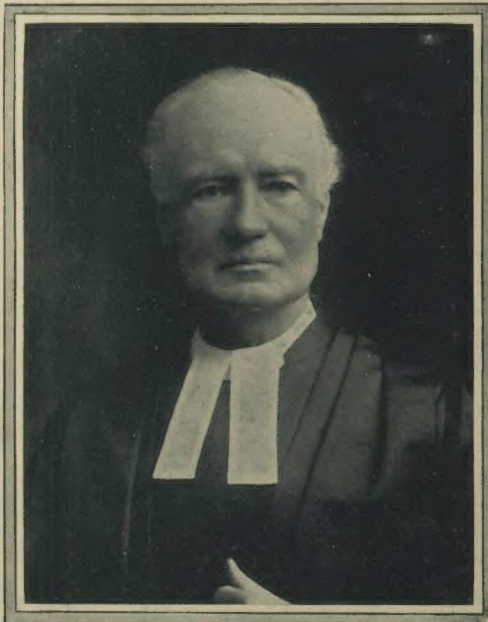


APPOINTED A GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF :  
LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR J. WOLFE MURRAY.

Sir James Wolfe Murray, who has succeeded Sir Leslie Rundle as a G.O.C.-in-C., 1st Class, was earlier in the war Chief of the Imperial General Staff at the War Office, and has since been on a mission to Russia. He is First Military Member of the Army Council. Three years ago he held the chief command in Scotland, and a year later in South Africa. He served in South Africa, and in the Ashanti War.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

Ireland are already laid. They have been laid by men of varied but converging types of insight, especially of the most English type of insight; and the new Ireland will be Irish. I happen myself to be a wholly convinced Home Ruler; but Parliamentary labels like Home Rule rather confuse than convey the impersonal and impartial truth of which I speak. Some of the strongest part of the work has been done by men whose label was Unionist, especially by the great and generous George Wyndham, whose glory increases with the years that pass. There will be no return to-day or to-morrow to that idiot idea, which inspires the Prussian permanently, and once inspired us spasmodically, that patriotic white men anywhere can be considered as a sort of impossible aborigines. If there is one thing that this war has proved past the impudence of the last pedant to deny, it is that the European is to the point of death a patriot. Any attempt to build on any basis but nationality is not only desperate but dead. Any attempt to build either on cosmopolitanism or cosmopolitan imperialism will be like building upon the quicksands which lie between the solid lands. The Prussian will probably continue his see-saw of opportunist bragging and whining. He will continue to shed blood when his neighbours are conquered, and to shed tears when they refuse to be conquered. He may plunge into swamps yet deeper than the swamps of Poland. But we have come out upon the high road of Christendom; and we shall not lose it again.

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THE DEATH OF THE CHAPLAIN TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS :  
THE LATE ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.

Archdeacon Wilberforce was born at Winchester in 1841, and was educated at Eton and Exeter College, Oxford. After holding several curacies he became Rector of St. Mary's, Southampton, and in 1894 came to London as Rector of St. John's and Canon of Westminster, becoming Archdeacon six years later. He was appointed Chaplain to the House of Commons in 1896.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

Empire was concisely and correctly summed up by another Professor who said, "The only privileges granted to the Poles should be to pay taxes, to serve in the army, and to shut their mouths." For the three hundred years of its historical existence, that is the authentic and the unvarying voice of the Power which to-day is stretching out its arms to the East and to the West for the sympathy of the lesser nations.



# "MIMI" AND "TOU-TOU": A THAMES-TO-TANGANYIKA ROMANCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



AT THE BASE CAMP FOR THE BUSH TREK TO LAKE TANGANYIKA (WITH TRACTION-ENGINES HAULING MOTOR-BOATS ON WAGONS):  
HOISTING THE UNION JACK AT FUNGURUMEE, AND SALUTING IT.



AFTER THE "VON WIESSMAN," THE FLAG-SHIP OF THE GERMAN LAKE TANGANYIKA FLOTILLA, HAD BEEN SUNK: NATIVE WOMEN FOLLOWING  
THE BRITISH COMMANDER TO HIS CAMP AND CHANTING SONGS OF PRAISE.

The overland journey made from the Cape to Central Africa, and the victorious battles fought on Lake Tanganyika by the British naval expedition of twenty-seven officers and men, under Commander G. B. Spicer-Simson, R.N., with the two armed motor-boats "Mimi" and "Tou-tou," stand out as wonders of the war. The Thames was left last June. From Cape Town to Fungurumee, to the north of Rhodesia, the journey was by railway. At Fungurumee the base-camp for the bush-trek to the Lake was established,

and the flag was hoisted with the customary honours in man-of-war style. That incident, and the finale, the native welcome to Commander Spicer-Simson after his defeat of the principal German gun-boat on Tanganyika, are illustrated above. An advance party, with native wood-cutters, was pushed ahead to cut through the intervening tropical forests a route along which the traction-engines hauling the wagons carrying the motor-boats could pass, and where water could be procured. Steep gradients had to be avoided, a

[Continued overleaf.]



# THE NAVY'S MOST ROMANTIC EXPEDITION: FROM THE THAMES TO LAKE TANGANYIKA BY RIVER, SEA, AND LAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



THE RIVER JOURNEY OF THE EXPEDITION ON THE LUALABA: THE "MIMI" PASSING DOWN STREAM UNDER HER OWN POWER WITH A BOAT-LOAD OF NATIVES AND STORES IN TOW.



AFTER ONE OF THE SUDDEN, VIOLENT STORMS PREVALENT ON LAKE TANGANYIKA: NATIVES BRINGING BACK TO SHORE A BELGIAN VESSEL, THE "NETTA," DRIVEN FROM HER MOORINGS.



SPOON-FEEDING THE THIRSTY TRACTION-ENGINES: NATIVE WOMEN COMING IN AFTER AN EIGHT-MILES' TRAMP, WITH WATER-JARS TO FILL THE BOILERS.



"THE DAY" AT HAND AT LAST: "MIMI" AND "TOU-TOU," WITH THEIR GUNS MOUNTED, BEING FINALLY EQUIPPED TO MOVE OUT ON THE LAKE TO BATTLE.

*Continued.*  
 firm track laid across marshy stretches, dried-up gullies and river-beds bridged, for 166 miles continuously—a distance equivalent to that between London and Manchester as the crow flies. The weather was sultry and excessively hot, being the period just before the setting-in of the rains, which the expedition had to race. Under the weight of the traction-engines, some of the bridges broke down and at one place the expected water-supply failed, necessitating the hiring of hundreds of native women from villages near by to bring water for eight miles in pots and gourds to refill the engine-boilers. But, in spite of everything, the expedition pressed on, escorted by a guard of Belgian Congo native troops. The Lualaba, which runs into Tanganyika, was reached, and the motor-boats were set afloat for a 350-miles river journey, which proved difficult owing to the mud-banks and currents. Several times the boats

got aground and had to be pushed off by natives waist-deep in the water. The Lake reached at length, harbour works had to be built because of the dangerous storms prevalent along the shore. That also was done successfully, whereupon the "Mimi" and "Tou-Tou" were put into fighting trim. They ran their service trials on Christmas Day last, and next morning were off to find the enemy. Before sunset on Boxing Day the pair sighted, fought, and captured the German gun-boat "Kikani," following that up some weeks later with chasing and sinking the flag-ship of the German Lake flotilla, the "Von Wiesman." Between them, the "Mimi" and "Tou-Tou" gained the command of the Lake as completely as Trafalgar decided the command of the sea.



# A RECORD IN MILITARY EXPEDITIONS: RUSSIANS EN ROUTE FROM MOSCOW TO MARSEILLES, VIA THE CHINA SEA.

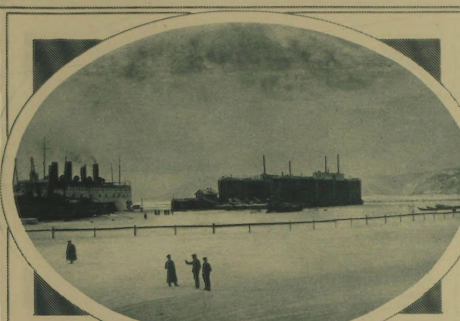
PHOTOGRAPHS PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF GENERAL LOHVITSKY, COMMANDING THE RUSSIANS IN FRANCE.



AT MOSCOW ON FEBRUARY 3, 1916: THE ASSEMBLING AND DEPARTURE OF THE TROOPS.



A HALT IN MID-SIBERIA: THE HUGE CONVOY TRAIN AT A SIBERIAN STATION ON FEBRUARY 10.



THE CROSSING OF LAKE BAIKAL: THE FERRY-BOATS WHICH CONVEYED THE RUSSIAN TROOPS.



IN MANCHURIA: A REST (ON FEBRUARY 20) AFTER SEVENTEEN DAYS ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.



BEFORE LEAVING DALNY, ON FEBRUARY 26: JAPANESE OFFICERS FRATERNIZING WITH THE RUSSIANS.



TOUCHING AT SAIGON, ON MARCH 8: FRENCH COLONIALS AND NATIVES ON THE QUAY—RUSSIAN TROOPS DRAWN UP IN THE BACKGROUND.



AT SINGAPORE: AN INSPECTION OF THE RUSSIAN TROOPS BY THE BRITISH COMMANDER ON MARCH 16.



IN CEYLON: A MARCH-PAST OF THE RUSSIAN TROOPS IN THE STREETS OF COLOMBO, ON MARCH 15.



RUSSIAN TROOPS IN THE SUEZ CANAL: THE PASSAGE OF THE FIRST TRANSPORT, THE "LATOUCHE-TRÉVILLE."



A SUBMARINE ALARM NEAR THE COAST OF CORSICA: RUSSIAN TROOPS WEARING LIFE-BELTS, ON BOARD A TRANSPORT.



ROUGH WEATHER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, WHICH DELAYED THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRANSPORTS AT MARSEILLES: THE "HIMALAYA" ENCOUNTERS HEAVY SEAS.



THE ARRIVAL AT MARSEILLES: GERMAN PRISONERS FIXING A GANGWAY FOR RUSSIAN TROOPS TO DISSEMBARK.

Though not round the world and back again, the journey of the first contingent of Russian troops who lately landed at Marseilles to fight on the Western front probably constitutes a military record in distance. They travelled from Moscow right across Siberia and back to Europe by way of the China Sea, the Indian Ocean, the Suez Canal, and the Mediterranean. These remarkably interesting photographs of various stages of their route, we may point out, have been authorised for publication by their commander, General Lohvitsky. As mentioned in our last number, under photographs illustrating the landing of the Russians at Marseilles, several contingents have arrived there, and received a most enthusiastic welcome.

In a special Order of the Day to the French Army, General Joffre enjoined upon his troops to greet the Russians as brothers, and the French soldiers were not slow to give expression to this sentiment. With regard to Photograph No. 5, showing Russian and Japanese officers together on board ship, it may be recalled that Dalny, where the photograph was taken, is near Port Arthur, and figured prominently in the Russo-Japanese War. Dalny is the Russian name of the town; the Japanese name is Dairen (or Tairen), and the Chinese, Ta-lien-wan. It is a free port and terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and is now the capital of the Japanese leased territory of Kwantung.



# RETURNED TO REDEEM THEIR COUNTRY: SERBIA'S REORGANISED ARMY.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



THE DAY AFTER THE SERBIAN CAMP WAS ESTABLISHED AT SALONIKA: A FIELD-KITCHEN ROOFED AGAINST THE SUN.



WHERE "A SMALL TOWN OF HUTS, SHEDS, AND HOUSES" HAS SPRUNG UP: LANDING SERBIAN CAVALRY HORSES AT SALONIKA.



"EVERYTHING ABOUT THEM, FROM THEIR MESS-TINS TO THEIR UNDERCLOTHING, IS NEW": THE FIRST SECTION OF SERBIANS TO REACH SALONIKA FROM CORFU.



'NOW IN THE BEST CONDITION': MEN OF THE REORGANISED SERBIAN ARMY LANDING FROM BARGES AFTER LEAVING A TRANSPORT



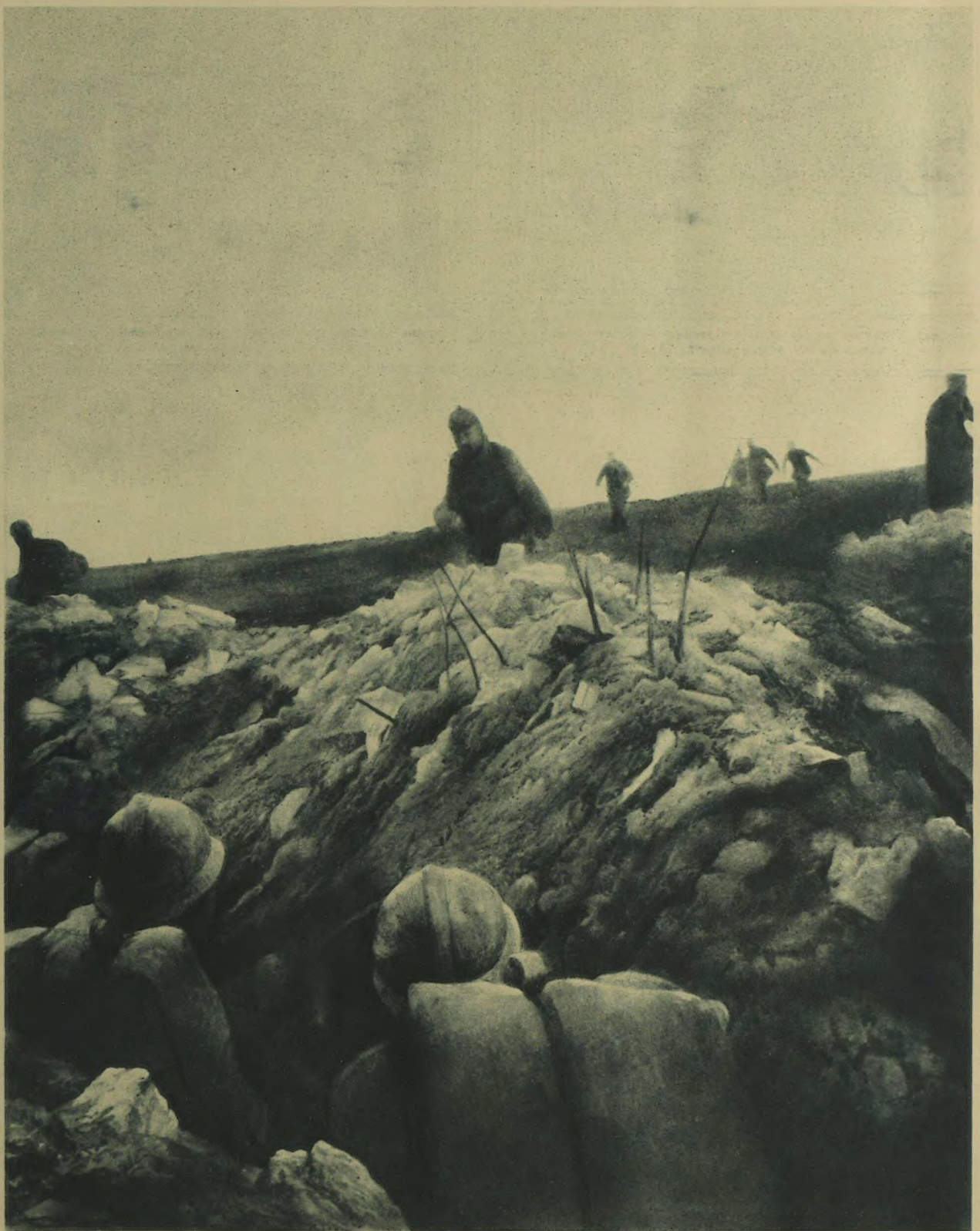
'AS FIT AS EVER SIMPLE-LIVING, HARD-WORKING PEASANTS CAN BE': SERBIAN SOLDIERS AT SALONIKA TAKING A NOON-DAY REST.

The Serbian Army, restored to health and vigour and completely reorganised and re-equipped, recently arrived at Salonika to take part in the campaign which is destined to lead to the recovery of their native land. Writing from Salonika shortly after their arrival, Mr. G. Ward Price said: "There is to-day almost a small town of huts, sheds, and houses where the Serbian troops are to be quartered. Stout fellows are these Serbian soldiers, big-boned, solidly built, sunburnt men. Great as their sufferings were during the stern winter retreat through harsh Albania, there is no sign of past

privations apparent among them now. The men look as fit as ever simple-living, hard-working peasants can, and everything about them, from their mess-tins to their under-clothing, is new. 'Good food, rest, and the healthy spring climate of Corfu,' said one of their officers, 'have brought them on wonderfully, and men who were starved wrecks two months ago are now in the best condition.' . . . Many of the uniforms of the reconstructed Serbian Army are of French horizon-blue service colour, though the characteristic shape of their caps, which are a sort of widened-out Glengarry bonnet, is retained."



## GERMANS SURRENDERING: A VERDUN BATTLEFIELD PHOTOGRAPH.



"WE TOOK SOME HUNDRED PRISONERS": GERMANS WHO SURVIVED A FRENCH ASSAULT NEAR DOUAUMONT  
HURRYING OVER TO THE FRENCH TRENCHES TO SURRENDER.

There is a remarkable sense of movement and actuality in this photograph from the Verdun battlefield, showing German soldiers running up to a French trench to surrender after surviving a French infantry assault on their own lines. The trench in the foreground, showing two French soldiers in their steel helmets, is that from which the assaulting troops had started. The photograph illustrates an official French communiqué

of May 2 which stated: "To the east of the Meuse, at the end of yesterday, our troops carried out a lively attack against the enemy's positions south-east of Douaumont Fort. In the course of this operation we occupied a German first-line trench for a length of about 550 yards, and took some hundred prisoners." A Paris communiqué of May 13 mentioned that renewed German attacks at this point had been repulsed on the previous day.



# DANGER IN CURIOUS SHAPE: THE UNUSUAL ADVENTURE OF A BRITISH OBSERVATION-OFFICER.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH FROM THE FRONT.



A STRANGE PERIL OF KITE-BALLOON WORK ON THE WESTERN FRONT: THE PARACHUTE, JERKED OUT OF ITS CASE BY THE STRONG WIND, OPENS, CARRIES THE BASKET OUT OF POSITION, AND ALMOST THROWS OUT THE OBSERVATION-OFFICER, WHO SAVES HIMSELF BY THE USE OF HIS KNIFE.

In the ordinary way, when an observer is up in a kite-balloon, he sits, safely and comfortably, suspended at several feet beneath the elongated gas-envelope by which his car, or "basket," is supported aloft. The kite-balloon itself is, of course, anchored to the ground, and its shape and the bag-like excrescence at the end facing the wind keep it steady. Accidents, if comparatively rare, do happen occasionally, in one form or another. Some weeks ago it was recorded how the mooring-cable of a French observation-balloon got cut through by a shell-fragment, and the observer, to escape drifting over the German lines, had hastily to descend by means of the parachute which is kept folded in its case at the side of the car. More recently a sudden gale drove a number of French kite-balloon observers adrift at one place, some of

the balloons coming down behind the enemy's lines, where the officers were made prisoners. In the above illustration a very exceptional sort of accident, which took place on the British front, is shown. A strong wind was blowing, and by some mischance the parachute was jerked out of its case and opened. Being fastened to the basket, the parachute, as it rose in the air to an upward gust, pulled the basket with it, right against the back of the balloon. The collision tilted the basket so as almost to upset it and throw the observation-officer out. With great difficulty, just in the nick of time, he was able to cut the parachute clear. That enabled the basket to right itself and drop back to its former position safely below the gas-envelope.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



# *British Rule Welcomed Where Germans were Hated in S.W. Africa : Famine in Ovamboland.*



1. BRITISH CARS IN AN OVAMBO DESERT: ON THE SALT-ENCRUSTED SANDS OF THE KTOXHA PAN, A VAST DEPRESSION, FLOODED IN THE RAINY SEASON.
2. THE FIRST EVIDENCE FOUND OF THE TERRIBLE FAMINE IN OVAMBOLAND: A NATIVE DEAD FROM HUNGER OUTSIDE FORT OKAKAWAYO.

3. SAVED FROM STARVATION BY THE ARRIVAL OF BRITISH SUPPLY-LORRIES: AN OVAMBO YOUTH.
4. ARMED WITH BOWS AND RIFLES: OVAMBO SOLDIERS OF THE BODYGUARD OF THE CHIEF, MARTIN.

The substitution of British for German rule in South-West Africa has been warmly welcomed by the natives, whom the Germans cruelly oppressed. The first British Administrator of the conquered territory, Colonel S. M. Pritchard, lectured in London recently on his experiences there. Speaking of Ovamboland, a district in the north of the colony, he said that the Germans never dared to enter it from fear of native hostility.

He went into the country accompanied only by three officers, and the natives were most friendly. The chief, Martin, at Ondonga, expressed intense dislike of the Germans. On returning to Windhuk, Colonel Pritchard made known the desire of the Ovambo chiefs for a British administration, and last November went thither again with the officials appointed to bring relief supplies for the natives, who were suffering from famine.

## *Where Starving Bedouin were Fed by Their British Victors : The Pacification of Western Egypt.*



1. THE CONQUEROR OF WESTERN EGYPT AND SOME OF HIS CAPTIVES: GENERAL PEYTON (SEATED IN THE BACKGROUND) AND GROUPS OF PRISONERS.
2. THE "SHIP OF THE DESERT" AS "HOSPITAL-SHIP": CAMELS FITTED WITH STRETCHERS FOR WOUNDED, ON THEIR WAY TO BARANI.

3. BRITISH CAVALRY IN WESTERN EGYPT: MEN OF THE BUCKS HUSSARS SEARCHING A SUSPECTED BEDOUIN ENCAMPMENT.
4. THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S COMMAND: MEN OF THE ARMOURD-CAR SECTION EXAMINING MACHINE-GUNS CAPTURED FROM THE SENUSSI.

Writing from Mersa Matruh recently, Mr. W. T. Massey said: "The value of the swift, unerring, paralysing strokes of General Peyton's little force lies in the smashing of the German and Turkish influence over the Bedouin. . . . For several weeks the Bedouin have been surrendering at the rate of hundreds a day. . . . Starving men, women, and children are witnesses of the devilish scheming of the Hun. . . . We are feeding

the multitude. . . . The advance on Sollum [he continues] was admirably done. . . . General Lukin decided to get Sollum from the crest, and took his column up Halfa Pass. . . . The pass was absolutely impracticable for armoured cars, and these made a detour of some thirty miles. From the moment the infantry and armoured-car batteries were on the plateau Sollum was automatically ours."



## A SEARCH FOR HIDDEN SENUSSI ARMS: DOWN AN ANCIENT WELL.

DRAWN BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK.



WITH THE AUSTRALIAN CAMEL CORPS IN WESTERN EGYPT: SEARCHING FOR CONCEALED SENUSSI AMMUNITION  
IN AN ANCIENT GRAECO-ROMAN WELL.

The newly formed Australian Camel Corps has been doing very useful work on the western frontier of Egypt, among other duties, in searching for secret stores of ammunition concealed by the Senussi in caves and dry wells. In the above drawing some of the corps are seen descending one of the wonderfully constructed ancient Graeco-Roman water-reservoirs (now, of course, dry) which are to be found in the

desert. "Wherever we strike water," writes our correspondent, "we usually bivouac, and these boys are doing likewise. It is comical to watch the efforts of the brawny sons of Australia trying to bring a camel to its knees. It is done by a gurgling sound in the throat and by energetic jerks at the head-rope. The camel is an old associate of the Australian bushman."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## • SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY •



DRUIDISM: THE DRUIDS OF THE BRITISH ISLES  
CONSIDERED BY THE DRUIDS OF THE BRITISH ISLES



RITES WHICH DEFIED PROPHECY: DRUIDS OFFERING HUMAN SACRIFICES



HANGING A CAPTIVE WITH NATHAN: DRUIDS  
ENGAGED IN KILLING FROM THE ECH THE PIRATE

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## THE KELTIC TEMPERAMENT.

TO explain recent events in Ireland it is only necessary, say some, to invoke that curiously wayward and irresponsible baggage, the "Keltic Temperament." Under the stress of that irresistible sway, we are assured, anything may happen. No one will deny to the Irish the possession of a temperament which is their peculiar birthright, a temperament which is enormously potent for both good and evil; but, whatever may be its origin, it is not "Keltic," though poets and journalists will probably insist on thus describing it to the end of time. Just now it is my purpose not so much to dissect and analyse this temperament as to trace the factors which have combined to form the Irish people. And to this end it will be necessary to hark back to the time when Great Britain and Ireland formed one continuous land surface with the continent of Europe.

As to the character of the human inhabitants which haunted that common area, we can form a tolerably accurate mental picture from what we know of the now famous remains of *Eoanthropus*, the fossil Man of Sussex; and of his near relation, the Man of Heidelberg. It is not improbable that the legends of the little brown people who lived underground, the legends of the fairy-tales of our childhood, refer to these early types of the human race.

Since we are dealing now with remote prehistoric times, it is impossible to be certain, but it would seem that these aborigines were exterminated by a more virile race emanating from Africa. Though emphatically not negroid, as some aver, they were dark-skinned, had dark hair and eyes, and were short in stature. They introduced strange burial customs, details of which have been preserved to us in the "Long Barrows" which occur throughout these islands. They went naked, and tattooed their bodies with coloured designs and pictures of animals. They were known to the earlier historians as the Picts, and today we know that they were members of the great "Mediterranean" family which overran Europe, and survive, in considerable purity, in the Spanish Peninsula, the western fringes of France, Cornwall, and

Wales, and the West of Ireland and the western highlands of Scotland. The ancient burial customs have long since passed away, and the coming of clothes has made the custom of tattooing superfluous. Of such were the Tuatha De Danann of Irish legend.

New elements in our racial complex appear when, with the Bronze Age, came two round-headed types. One of these, short of stature, short and wide in the face, dark-skinned, and with dark hair, represents what is known as the "Alpine" race, or "Keltic" race. The other was tall, strong, and muscular, with a long face, rugged features, prominent nose, beetling brows, and apparently fair-haired, and they buried their dead in "round barrows." This last custom is commonly attributed to the Alpine or "Keltic" race; hence much of the confusion which has

Keltic. The "P" Kelts did not obtain a footing in these islands till some three hundred years later than the Goidels, who were the original disseminators of "Druidism," which they derived from the Irish Picts. The fact that these Goidels, or Gaels, carried the Keltic tongue into Ireland no more proves they were of the same race as the Brythonic Kelts or Alpines than the common use of the English tongue in the United States proves a community of descent for those who speak it. According to some authorities, the true "Kelt," or Alpine man, had his origin in the mountainous countries of Central Europe; according to others, that origin is to be sought in the Hindu-Kush. The Goidel, on the other hand, seems to have come from that part of Europe which now has its bounds within the German Empire.

Yet other ingredients of the Irish people have to be taken into consideration. While the Iberian element dominates, an infiltration with the Nordic race has been taking place since the days of the Vikings till now. By the Nordic race is meant the long-headed Scandinavian race which long since gave rise to the "Anglo-Saxons."

While I would fain use the limited space yet at my disposal in defining the terms "long" and "short" headed, and in enlarging on the distribution of the true Keltic people, I feel that these details must give way to place on record the disquieting forecast of the Swedish anthropologist, Professor Retzius, to the effect that there is a danger of the long being displaced by the short-headed people, of which the Prussian may be taken as a type. His reasons for this I may take an early opportunity of giving; just now all

I can do is to repeat his urgent warning that, if this is to be avoided, more attention must be paid to the anthropological foundations of nationality, to the elements of which it is made up. These must be taken into fullest account in our legislation. They should, in short, be carefully regarded in considering the matter of appointments such as the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland. The anthropologist, no less than the politician, should have a voice in such appointments, for tremendous issues hang on a right understanding of the mentality of the governed.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



WITH THE BRITISH NAVY: A NAVAL AIRSHIP COMING IN AFTER A LONG FLIGHT.

Official Photograph circulated by the Press Bureau; supplied by C.N.

arisen as to the "Keltic" invasion of Great Britain, for the "round barrows" found in Ireland now prove not to have been made by the Alpines or "Kelts" at all.

This brings us to the most amazing fact of all—to wit, that the true "Kelts" have no part in the composition of the Irish people, though the Keltic language found a footing there. We may take it that the round-barrow men of Ireland were the Goidels, people who spoke the form of Keltic known as the "Q" Keltic, as distinct from the Brythonic "P"



## FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, DUKELLE, MEDDINGTON, MORRIS, MOWLL AND MORRISON, HARRARD, COGWAY, AND LAPAYETTE.



LIEUT. H. B. DAVIES,  
West Yorkshire Regt. Second son of  
Rev. W. P. Davies, Curate of the Cam-  
den Church, Peckham. Killed in action.



CAPT. E. E. C. WELLESLEY,  
Norfolk Regt. Son of Mrs. and late  
Capt. E. E. C. Wellesley, Bramley  
Grange, Surrey.



CAPTAIN W. ADAMSON,  
Loyal N. Lancashire Regt. Received  
commission at beginning of war;  
Captaincy, March 1915.



CAPT. ARTHUR C. BURNELL,  
Rifle Brigade. Son of Mr. and Mrs.  
T. Coke Burnell, of Winchester  
and Brighton. Aged 21.



CAPTAIN E. BERTRAM FAWCETT,  
Punjab. Served in S. African War;  
Queen's medal, three clasps. Son of  
Mr. J. E. Fawcett, Farnham, Yorkshire.



CAPT. E. LYNDON BARNES,  
King's Own R. Lancaster  
Regt. Son of Mr. E. W.  
Barnes, Carrigrohane, Co.  
Cork. Was a barrister.



LT.-COL. J. G. FAIRLIE,  
Loyal N. Lancashire Regt.  
Son of Commr. H. J. Fairlie,  
R.N., of Fantaisie, Jersey.  
Killed in action.



CAPT. J. THIRKELL PRICE,  
Royal Field Artillery. Second  
son of the late Mr. E. A. Price  
and of Mrs. Price, of Mont-  
clair, Beckenham.



MAJ. C. STANLEY  
COLTMAN,  
Australian Imperial  
Forces. Military  
Cross, and mentioned  
in despatches.



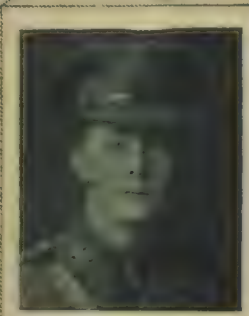
CAPT. J. E. ROSS,  
K. Liverpool Regt.  
Son of Mr. John  
Ross, of Alexandria.  
A brilliant Rugby  
footballer.



CAPTAIN MARK H. BETTISON,  
Durham Light Infantry (I.F.). Younger  
son of Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Bettison,  
Whitfield Rectory, Northumberland.



MAJOR A. MONTGOMERIE CAULFIELD, D.S.O.,  
Border Regiment. Won D.S.O. in the Burmese Ex-  
pedition, 1888-89. Son of late Lieut.-Col. Mont-  
gomerie S. Caulfield, of Monkstown, Co. Dublin.



CAPTAIN GRAHAM HOWELLS,  
Welsh Regiment. Received commission  
as Temp. Lieut. October 1914. Promoted,  
February 1915; Captaincy, May 1915.



LIEUT. WILLIAM MURRAY DOBIE,  
Royal West Kent Regt. Only son of  
Dr. Herbert Dobie, Chester, and  
grandson of late Dr. W. M. Dobie.



LIEUT. R. G. BOWEN,  
City of London R. Fus. Officially  
reported by the War Office killed  
in action. Aged 22.



LT. W. MURRAY HUTCHISON,  
King's Liverpool Regt. Died of  
wounds. His brother, Captain Innes O.  
Hutchison, was killed in Mesopotamia.



LT. HAROLD G. H. DORRELL,  
Durham L.I. Son of Lieut.-Col.  
and Mrs. G. H. Dorrell. Was Gold  
Medallist at Charterhouse, 1910.



2ND LIEUT. E. E. A. COLLISON,  
Bedfordshire Regiment. Only son of  
the Rev. T. and Mrs. Collisson, Graven-  
hurst Rectory, Amphil.



# AEROPLANES LANDING AT NIGHT: THEIR TRACKS SEEN IN PHOTOGRAPHS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY ALPIERI.



AN AEROPLANE DESCENDING AT NIGHT IN AN ILLUMINATED AERODROME: THE TRACK OF THE FLYING-MACHINE'S LIGHT PHOTOGRAPHED.



ENABLING AEROPLANES TO LAND AT NIGHT WITH THE MINIMUM OF RISK: A SPECIALLY MOUNTED SEARCHLIGHT ILLUMINATING THE GROUND.



SHOWING THE LUMINOUS TRACKS (X) OF THE LIGHTS OF THREE AEROPLANES LANDING AT NIGHT AFTER A BOMBING RAID: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN A FRENCH AERODROME.

It is always exceedingly difficult for an aeroplane to make a safe landing at night. A method adopted by the French authorities to render the operation as safe as possible is illustrated by means of the photographs given above, which, of course, were taken at night. The aerodrome, it will be noted, has its boundary defined by fixed lights; and the ground generally is illuminated not only by these lights, but by special searchlights mounted on wheels, as shown in the second photograph. In the first photograph are seen various lights, and (from rather beyond the centre to the left-hand side of the

photograph) the track of light registered on the photographic plate by the light of an aeroplane landing in the dark on its return from a bombing-raid. Photograph No. 2 shows one of the specially mounted searchlights illuminating a stretch of ground. When Photograph No. 3 was taken, three aeroplanes were landing. The luminous tracks marked X were made by their lights. The highest aeroplane was flying straight at the moment; the next was beginning to descend; the third had touched the earth and was running along the ground before coming to a halt.





By SILAS DARK.

I HAD never been to Harrogate, but any misgivings I may have had that things at Harrogate would not be done as well as at Continental spas (the preconceived ideas of the average Englishman that "they do things better abroad" are very difficult to dispel) were disposed of on entering the Royal Baths.

Its palatial appearance convinced me at once that Harrogate worthily bears the title of "The Nation's Spa." The entrance hall, in which I was asked to wait, pending the arrival of Mr. Broome, the Corporation's general manager of the baths, is an excellent example of classic architecture.

I found in the Corporation's general manager an old friend from another famous British spa.

"So you want to know something about Harrogate?" was his cheery greeting.

#### The Corporation Spends £140,000.

Noticing my obvious interest in the beauty of the surroundings, my companion queried, "Too astonished to converse, I suppose? Well, that is the impression the Royal Baths make on every new visitor. They are undoubtedly the most palatial, and certainly the finest, in Europe. They cost the Corporation no less than £140,000 to erect."

We wandered from department to department. These wonderful baths are equipped with every modern form of appliance used to alleviate pain and suffering, to restore the joy of life to the worn and weary, to heal the sick, and to give back the lost vigour of their limbs to the halt and the lame.

Upwards of eighty different treatments are administered by specialists; in fact, every well-known Continental method is available. Aix and Vichy douches, Ems inhalation rooms, an extensive Plombière installation for colitis, Nauheim baths for heart troubles, Schwalbach chalybeate baths—to mention but a few. In addition, of course, are the unexcelled sulphur baths, peat and moor baths, needles and packs of every description, the new Harrogate hot-air treatment, the Harrogate peat massage baths (the only such in the world), and the whirlpool baths, for stiff joints, etc., as well as every proved form of electrical treatment.

It was highly instructive to listen to the description of each section given by the specialist in charge. One of the many curative methods which interested me was the Dowsing radiant heat and light treatment. Here the patient is laid on a bed and surrounded by luminous radiant heat, which permeates the body and produces a gentle stimulation, aiding the circulation, relieving congestion, and helping to eliminate matter by sub-oxidation. The Dowsing system is utilised in cases of rheumatism, gout, sciatica, rheumatoid arthritis, and other similar diseases, as well as for skin affections and disorders of the digestive organs.

"Have you seen anything finer than these baths on the Continent?" my guide remarked, as we returned to the entrance hall.

I had to admit that nowhere had I found anything superior for elegance and completeness of equipment.

#### The Famous Curative Waters.

We now visited the three establishments where the famous curative waters for drinking are obtained—namely, the Central Hall of the Royal Baths, the Royal Pump Room, and the Magnesia Well. I learned that there are no less than eighty-seven known springs, differing in strength and quality, within the Harrogate district.

Of these waters, sixteen are used for internal administration, the remainder being devoted to bathing purposes. Harrogate may therefore justly challenge all Europe for the great number and variety of its mineral waters.

As we emerged from the Magnesia Well my companion remarked upon the point that Harrogate is not only a place for the invalid, but also caters for the jaded worker and seeker after rest.

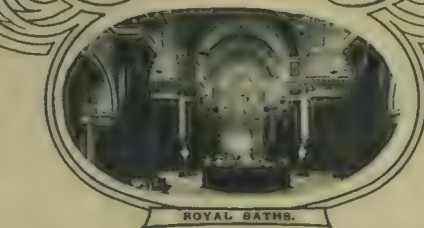
#### No "After-Cure" Necessary.

Indicating a fine bandstand, he emphasised the fact that long before the breakfast hour a military band plays in the Crescent Gardens, and at other times during the day in the Valley Gardens.

"Yonder is Harlow Moor," said Mr. Broome, pointing eastward, "and for those who have never explored the Yorkshire moors there are many delights in store. It is the very fine air from these moors which makes Harrogate unique, for without doubt the air is part and parcel of the cure. So much so that, unlike Continental cure-resorts, no 'after-cure' is necessary as a corollary to treatment in Harrogate."

#### Amusements Help the Cure.

A few minutes' stroll brought us to the Kursaal, Harrogate's main centre of entertainment. Here is a superb café and a delightful garden, with a bandstand set amidst an exquisite array of flower-beds decked out with numberless coloured lamps, which at night make it a veritable fairyland. The "al-fresco" concerts are a great attraction, but are, nevertheless, surpassed by the performances given by the Kursaal orchestra, which is under the direction of the well-known conductor, Mr. Julian Clifford. Its programmes, which are augmented by specially selected artists of world-wide reputation, are worthy of any concert-hall in the world.



ROYAL BATHS.

The entertainments also include variety entertainers, who are the cream of the profession; then there are no less than three first-class golf courses in the immediate neighbourhood, and regular motor char-a-banc excursions into the enchanted land which lies around Harrogate.

"Could any visitor want more to attract him?"

My own impression is that a month's stay would not exhaust all the delights Harrogate offers.



BIRK CRAIG.

ROYAL PUMP ROOM.

#### Facility of Access.

"And recollect that, taking London as a centre, Harrogate can be reached in less time than it would have occupied under ordinary conditions for the traveller to start from the other side of the Channel on a long train journey to a Continental resort, where, possibly, after twelve hours' journey, if not more, he would arrive at his selected 'Bad' in a state of, more or less, semi-collapse."

"Now compare that with the journey which you yourself have made from King's Cross Station by one of the Great Northern through express trains to Harrogate. Surrounded with every comfort, in the finest rolling-stock in the world, and without change of carriage, you were able to come from your place of departure to Harrogate with very little more trouble than it takes the Londoner to go from King's Cross to Piccadilly Circus."

"Are you satisfied now that for the Briton Harrogate is the finest and most get-at-able Spa in the world?"

I candidly admitted I was convinced.

#### Harrogate's Superb Hotels.

Your visit to Harrogate would be incomplete if you did not see for yourself the magnificent hotel accommodation, unequalled in any other Spa in the world, which Harrogate provides for its visitors. We will take them in alphabetical sequence—

ADELPHI HOTEL is centrally situated for Harlow Moor, Valley Gardens, Wells, and Baths. The terms at this hotel are moderate, although every convenience and comfort is provided for the benefit of visitors.

HOTEL ALEXANDRA is a first-class family hotel, modernly furnished and comfortable. It is situated opposite the Stray, three minutes from Pump Room, Baths, and Kursaal, commanding extensive views of moors.

BEECHWOOD HOTEL.—A spacious and high-class private hotel, commanding situated in its own extensive grounds, and close to all the important points of interest. It is excellently furnished and well-appointed.

The CAIRN HYDRO has accommodation for about 300 guests. A new wing, comprising spacious ballroom, lounge, and complete suite of baths, has recently been added. The Cairn has its own orchestra and free golf.

THE CROWN HOTEL adjoins Pump Room, Royal Baths, and the beautiful Valley Gardens. The tariff is one adapted to present-day conditions. All modern improvements and conveniences are available.

THE GRANBY is an ideal high-class family hotel for rest and quiet. It faces the Stray, is situated in its own extensive grounds, with south aspect. The hotel has been greatly enlarged, and is splendidly appointed.

THE GRAND HOTEL overlooks the Valley Gardens, in the most commanding situation in Harrogate, one minute from Baths and Wells, has every convenience, comfort, and elegance, forming the typically ideal hotel.

GEORGE HOTEL has a reputation as a high-class family house. It faces the Baths and Kursaal, is close to Pump Room and Victoria Baths, and is admirably situated for invalids who require easy walking exercise only.

HARLOW MANOR HYDRO occupies one of the healthiest positions, in close proximity to the moors, as well as to Baths and Wells. The appointments are modern and comfortable. There is a garage and stabling.

HARROGATE HYDRO is one minute from Baths, Royal Pump Room, and Kursaal. A resident physician is always in attendance. The Hydro has a new dining-room, grand smoking lounge, winter garden, ballroom, and garage.

HOTEL MAJESTIC.—Situated in its own park-like grounds of ten acres, it overlooks the Baths and Pump Room. The appointments include winter garden, Oriental smoking-room, marble lounge, and billiard-room.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' HOTEL is excellently situated, overlooking the Stray, and facing south. Table d'hôte meals are so arranged as to include the requirements of visitors taking the cure. Private suites with baths.

PROSPECT HOTEL and RESTAURANT are situated two minutes from Baths, Pump Room, and Kursaal. Mr. C. Elleboudt, a Belgian, proprietor of the Continental and Palace Hotel, Blankenberghe, is now the manager.

QUEEN HOTEL, standing in its own grounds of five acres, embodies all modern comforts, with reposeful and refined surroundings. The hotel contains over 300 rooms and private suites, excellent stabling and large garage.

SOUTHLANDS PRIVATE HOTEL is a high-class private and residential hotel, luxuriously furnished, standing in an unrivalled position on the Ripon Road, three minutes from Pump Room, Royal Baths, and Kursaal.

STRAY HOTEL.—This up-to-date hotel, opened in 1912, is a noteworthy advance in accommodation de luxe, at reasonable, inclusive charges. It stands in an acre of well-wooded grounds on the edge of the famous Stray.

WELLINGTON HOTEL.—An excellent residential hotel, from which the Pump Room, Baths, and Kursaal are only a couple of minutes distant. It has every modern convenience, electric light throughout, and lift to all floors.

#### Aquaperia—A Harrogate Commercial Enterprise.

It seems almost unnecessary to point out that the Harrogate Spa Cures are due to treatments given under medical supervision at the Royal Baths with water from medicinal wells owned by the Corporation. But in the immediate neighbourhood of Harrogate there are certain other wells not belonging to the Corporation, which possess properties of great value as aperient and table waters. One well, owned by the Harrogate branch of Camwal (Ltd.), is of particular interest at the present time, inasmuch as the spring tapped gives forth waters when standardised containing similar properties to the German Apenta and Hungarian Hunyadi Janos. Camwal have called their product Aquaperia. It is an aperient water, the merits of which have been vouched for by leading members of the medical faculty. Extensive sale has already been secured by Camwal (Ltd.) for Aquaperia. It is stocked by over 5000 chemists in the United Kingdom, and a large export business is being rapidly developed.

On receipt of a postcard, addressed F. J. C. Broome, Baths Information Bureau, Royal Baths, Harrogate, the Corporation's latest Illustrated Guide will be free to all who are interested to acquire additional information concerning Harrogate.



## "FIFTY YEARS OF A LONDONER'S LIFE."

IN "Fifty Years of a Londoner's Life" (Grant Richards)

Mr. H. G. Hibbert gives us a book that is both sound and entertaining. Writing of Fleet Street and the stage, he has the advantage of having two lively subjects; and to these there is added a third, for he is writing also of himself. Londoner born Mr. Hibbert is not; and at least two chapters, and these not less attractive than the rest, are filled with Nottingham memories. Into them, as elsewhere, creep stray names, attached to fleeting incidents, that revive reminiscences on the reader's own part—like that of giant Sir William Don, say, the handsome Page of the Eglintown Tournament become a strolling player, and the son (though this also the author does not mention) of Sir Walter Scott's friend at Newton Don. But though provincial by birth, Mr. Hibbert, as Mr. T. P. O'Connor says who stands sponsor to his book (not that it needs one), became the Cockney more devoted to London than many of those born within its frontiers. The Metropolis was the only field for one who "would prefer, if stranded in a small town, going to a penny gaff rather than remain amid the futile gossip of a smoke-room." Concerning the one side therein indicated of its many-conditioned life, Mr. Hibbert's lore is copious, and, it would seem, remarkably accurate. It is a most minute and circumstantial account that he gives—his memory serving him wonderfully—of dramatic production in London in his time, and even a little before it. For he has powers of assimilation as well as of memory, and has known most of his older contemporaries who were storehouses of this particular kind of information from earlier days than his own. Not that his own recollections stop short of the stage; they embrace entertainment in all its forms, and extend even to the Ring. One of them—it belongs

to the Nottingham period—recalls in the market-place of that city "a gaunt, grey old man wearing a broad-cloth suit," who was William Thompson, or "Bendigo," the prize-fighter, after his conversion by a local evangelistic pork-butcher. He sat, still wearing his colours of "bird's-eye" blue, beside a barrow on which were displayed his championship belts and the Bibles

A queer, convincing picture. There are many such of the world of Music-hall, into which especially the author carries his curious lantern. He is particularly strong on origins, of houses and performers both. The ends—often tragic enough—are generally better known. Neither in lifting the veil nor in letting it drop does Mr. Hibbert display cynicism or bathos. The tolerance and humour he brings to his showman's part are themselves kept decently in hand; and his sprightly patter—if he will pardon us the figure—always displays an excellent judgment as well as an informing intention. In a word, Mr. Hibbert's is a self-respecting as well as enlivening book, on a subject about which both qualities are frequently far to seek, and to find the two in conjunction is rare. It is also very well illustrated.



THE PRIME MINISTER ARRIVES IN IRELAND TO CONSIDER THE SITUATION ON THE SPOT:  
MR. ASQUITH ON THE QUAY AT KINGSTOWN.

Mr. Asquith arrived at Kingstown on the morning of Friday, May 12. Our photograph shows him walking between Mr. Bonham Carter, his private secretary and son-in-law, and a staff officer of the Irish Command, who was there to meet him. They motored to the Viceregal Lodge.

Photograph by C.N.

he was selling, and ever and anon he would spring to his feet and sing—

"Ho! the Devil had me once,  
But he let me go!  
But he let me go!  
Bendigo!"

those who are in need of a restful and unconventional holiday, especially at this time, when so much foreign travel is barred by the war. The volume is abundantly illustrated with photographs, and contains a useful map of British waterways. It will be of real value to those who are, this year, making holiday at home.

**'To CURE—is the Voice of the Past.  
To PREVENT—is the Divine Whisper of the Present.'**



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It is *not* from what a man swallows, but from what he digests *that* the blood is made, and remember that the first act of digestion is chewing the food *thoroughly*, and that it is only through doing so that you can reasonably expect a good digestion.

Unsuitable food and eating between meals are a main cause of indigestion, &c., because introducing a fresh mass of food into the mass already partly dissolved arrests the healthy action of the stomach, and causes the food first received to lie until incipient fermentation takes place.

A *Judicious Rule*.—"1st, Restrain your appetite, and get always up from the table with a desire to eat more. 2nd, Do not touch anything that does not agree with your stomach, be it most agreeable to the palate." These rules have been adopted in principle by all dieticians of eminence, and we recommend their use.

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Boudoir Wrap, as sketch, in rich pompadour taffeta, lined throughout and trimmed with crepe chiffon, bordered with black georgette crepe. New flare skirt, caught into waist with wide swathe belt. In rose, turquoise, heliotrope, ivory and black.

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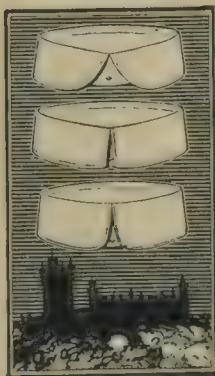
Such are Castle Collars; they are well-cut, fit the neck comfortably and allow the tie to slide easily, yet have no superior for smartness. Castle collars are faced with fine Irish linen and give long and satisfactory wear without losing their whiteness.

Shape "BOX" (as top illustration). A stiff double collar with a wide round opening, in sizes 1½ and 2 inches deep.

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Sample collar sent post free 7d.



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## MISCELLANEOUS.

LOVERS of music will not fail to fill the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday, May 27, for the unique and historic concert to be given, by permission of Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, K.C.B., by the massed bands of the Household Brigade. It will be the first time that the band of the Welsh Guards has taken part in any such function, and their Majesties the King and Queen and Queen Alexandra have promised to be present. The proceeds



A SOUVENIR OF THE GERMAN ATTACK ON LOWESTOFT:  
SHELL-SHATTERED "OXO."

The tin of "Oxo" cubes illustrated above was in the window of a Lowestoft dealer on the occasion of the recent German shelling of the town. An enemy shell from a war-ship crashed through the window and smashed the tin with the fragment of a shell which is shown embedded among the cubes of this well-known preparation, and is marked with a cross in our photograph.

will be devoted to the Prisoners of War Fund of the Household Brigade, and the full bands taking part will include those of the 1st Life Guards, 2nd Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards (Blues), Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, Scots Guards, Irish Guards, and Welsh Guards, with the drums, fifes, and pipers of the Brigade of Guards. Sir Walter Parratt, M.V.O., will be at the great organ, and the conductor will be Captain J. Mackenzie Rogan, M.V.O., Mus. Doc. The vocalists will be Miss Carrie Tubb, Mme. Kirkby Lunn, and Mr. Ben Davies; and the programme will include Tchaikowsky's Overture Solennelle "1812" and Julien's Descriptive Fantasia "The British Army." The doors will open at 1.30, and the concert commence at 2.30. Those who are wise will lose no time in applying for tickets at the Albert Hall, to the usual agents, or to Captain Lord Churston, Hon. Treasurer, Household Brigade Concert Fund, Wellington Barracks, S.W.

Sir Edward Ward made an eloquent appeal at the Savoy the other day for additional funds to enable that invaluable institution, the Union Jack Club, Waterloo Road, to extend the scope of its beneficent and patriotic work,

and that of its adjunct, the Union Jack Hostel, which is of such immense service to the wives and children of the men in both the Navy and the Army. Sir Edward Ward, who is Chairman of the Council, gave his hearers a clear idea of the hundreds of thousands of sailors, soldiers, and their families who make use of the Club and Hostel when passing through London, and made it obvious that the nation—indeed, the Empire—could not find a more practical way of expressing their gratitude to the men fighting on land and sea than by sending a donation to the Honorary Treasurer, Union Jack Club Extension Fund, Union Jack Club, Waterloo Road, S.E., or to Messrs. Courtts and Co., bankers, Strand, W.C. The King is Patron-in-Chief of the club, and such famous names as those of Mr. Balfour, Lord Kitchener, Sir John Jellicoe, and Sir Douglas Haig are amongst its supporters. It is gratifying, also, that Sir Edward Ward was able to announce that Mr. H. E. Morgan had promised his valuable aid as Honorary Organiser of this movement to extend still further the valuable work of the club.

"Blinded Heroes' Sunday," May 28, is a date to be noted, for on that day it is proposed to make a big effort in the leading music-halls throughout London, the suburbs, and the United Kingdom on behalf of the funds of the Blinded Soldiers and Sailors Care Committee, which, under the Chairmanship of

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, has already done such beneficent work in lightening the burden of blindness, and at the same time enabling the sufferers to become, to some extent at least, self-supporting. Mr. Frank Allan, managing director of Moss's Empires, Ltd., which controls some two-score variety theatres, is forming an influential committee of music-hall proprietors and managers; the Mayor of each town will be invited to form a sub-committee, the always generous variety profession may be counted on to help loyally, the cinema proprietors will be asked to take part, and by so organised and widespread a scheme the Blinded Soldiers and Sailors Care Committee should benefit substantially.

The Government recently invited a party of Russian journalists to visit the British Fleet; and one of the party, who lunched with Admiral Jellicoe and Vice-Admiral Sturdee, had the good fortune to obtain the autographs of the famous officers, and Admiral Jellicoe accepted from the Russian writer the Swan Fountain Pen which he had lent to the great sailor wherewith to sign his name, and which he had highly praised.

Much new and interesting information due to the war is contained in the new edition, for 1916, of the "Foreign Office List and Diplomatic and Consular Year-Book" (Harrison and Sons). Among other changes, it may be noted that the editor, Mr. Godfrey Hertslet, formerly Consul-General at Trieste, is now employed in the Embassy at Madrid. Mr. P. C. Rice and Mr. L. G. Brown, of the Foreign Office, have been appointed assistant editors. The present volume is the eighty-ninth issue of this very useful work of reference. The editors ask indulgence for any



A GROUP OF BRITISH OFFICERS IN EGYPT: AT THE MAIN SUPPLY DEPÔT, ZAGAZIG.

The officers whose portraits we give were photographed at the Main Supply Depôt, Zagazig, Egypt. Zagazig is a town of some twenty thousand inhabitants about forty miles from Cairo, thirty-four from Tanta, and eighteen miles or so from Tel-el-Kebir, the scene of the victory won by Lord Wolseley over Arabi Pasha in 1882. The officers shown are (left to right), back row: Lieuts. Ellis, Murray, Dibley, Taft, Hall; second row: Lieuts. Smart and Bayman, Major Harby, Lieuts. Potter and Fox; front row: Lieuts. Cassidy and Gotto.

errors or omissions, particularly as regards the biographical records in the Statement of Services, which the continuance of the war has made it difficult to compile fully.

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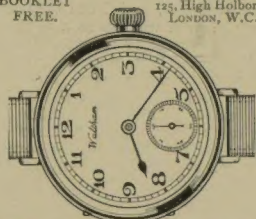
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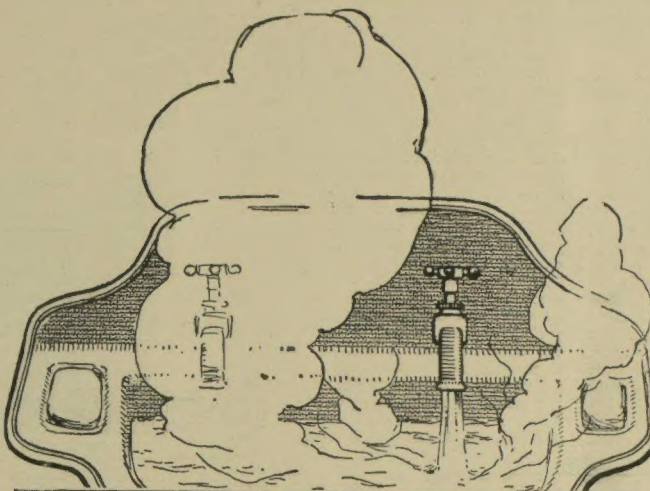
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**BELFAST.**—Anderson & McAuley, Ltd., Donegal Pl.  
**BIRMINGHAM.**—Hayward & Son, 17, Broadgate.  
**BLACKBURN.**—Nellor Bros., 48, King William St.  
**BLACKPOOL.**—I. Whitehead, Alvington St.  
**BRADFORD.**—Brown, Moss & Co., Ltd., Market St.  
**BRIGHTON.**—G. Osborne & Co., 30, East St.  
**BRISTOL.**—G. Standerwick, Triangle, Clon.  
**BURNLEY.**—H. Atkinson, 51, St. James' St.  
**CAMBRIDGE.**—I. S. Palmer, 2, The Cury.

**CARDIFF.**—E. Roberts, Ltd., 30, Duke St.  
**CARLISLE.**—J. Hinchart & Co., Ltd., 3 & 6, Green Market.  
**CHELTERHAM.**—Cavendish House Co., Ltd.  
**CHESTERFIELD.**—H. J. Cook, High St.  
**CLACKTON-ON-SEA.**—Grinwade & Clarke, Arnold Hse.  
**CORK.**—J. Hill & Son, 25, Grand Parade.  
**COVENTRY.**—Hayward & Son, 17, Broadgate.  
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**DEVIZES.**—M. Slopier & Co.  
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**Trade Changes.** I have been wondering, now that the retailers throughout this country cannot import any more American motor-cars, whether they will not cease to exist in the course of time. When one considers what little use the so-called "local motor-dealer" is to the motorists in the neighbourhood at the present time, and what few chances he has to trade, it makes me think we shall all see some big trade changes in the near future. I was talking on the subject of the local garage-keeper to a private motorist the other day, and the impression he made upon me was that nine-tenths of their establishments would be shut up within the next ten months, and that the oil and colour man would sell the oil and petrol, and such repairs that were needed would be done by the makers, or in the local general engineers' workshops. As this owner expressed it, "The local man always has to send to the makers for spare parts, and tyres and tubes you can get as quickly from your own pet maker, so you might just as well send your car back to the makers if it wants more doing to it than you yourself can do. You never buy a tyre, or tube even, on the road, as you always keep sufficient spares in that

the business was originally taken by the garage-men." There seems a good deal of truth in those remarks. Certainly, if motorists could do without all these local motor shops, the middleman's profit might be saved in time; but I do not think that is quite possible. Perhaps the lessening of the cars on the roads, the calling-up of the men to the Colours, will automatically close a number of motor-dealers, but I should wish that no man should suffer the loss of his business because he and his employers are serving their country. The M.T.A. is always talking broadly of its price-maintenance policy. It is entirely a retailers' organisation, although manufacturers do belong to it. It would be very much better for the M.T.A. to arrange that all the retail motor businesses should be pooled, *pro tem.*, during the war and keep one open in each district, and thus serve themselves and the public too. As for price-maintenance, the motor-dealer cannot expect much sympathy from the public in that direction. Motorists want to buy their goods at the lowest possible cost to themselves. If all the retail dealers choose to form a trade union (the M.T.A.), and declare that they shall all sell their goods at identical prices, that is their own business. But it will not prevent the public poking round to try and find some spot where the goods are cheaper, while such a policy may reduce that competition which is generally good for all trades.

## Racing Season.

To-day at Sheephead Bay, New York, the American motor-racing season starts, and, as usual, will be followed by track-racing meetings at Indianapolis, Chicago, and other cities. Mr. "Dolly" Resta, of our Brooklands track, Weybridge, will be the British representative driver, piloting Peugeot racing-cars; while Mr. J. Christiaens, the Belgian driver, is piloting the Sunbeam 300-cub.-inch capacity racer, a six-cylinder

engine machine that makes its debut there. All the 1914 Grand Prix, Tourist Trophy, and other international racing-cars have been sold to Americans lately to take part in these track races. Honestly, I am

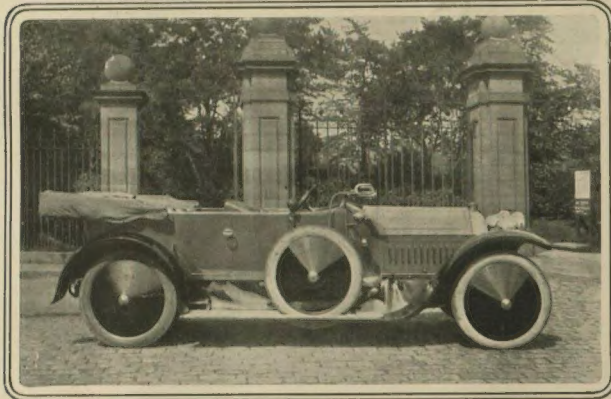
afraid the pace is getting too hot, as that old Yankee racing-man, "Bob" Burman, was killed on April 8, at Corona, California, through undue efforts to win. The car he was driving developed a slipping-clutch at the eleventh lap, and when he found this could not be cured, he drove the rest of the race on his top, jacking up the



A GENEROUS GIFT TO THE RED CROSS SOCIETY: A MOTOR-AMBULANCE FROM PARR'S BANK.

In view of the large number of members of the staff of Parr's Bank who are on active service with his Majesty's forces, Parr's Bank, Ltd., has presented to the Red Cross Society the handsome and fully equipped motor-ambulance which we illustrate, for use at the front.—[Photograph by Arthur Weston.]

back wheels when he stopped at the replenishing dépôt to re-start; and then, when he had taken his seat in the car, the jack was knocked aside, and the car let down into a pool of oil so as to give the engine a chance of getting away on this top gear. Consequently this starting-dodge cut up the tyres most horribly, and when only a lap behind the leading car, the left rear tyre burst while the pace was over one hundred miles an hour. Both Burman and the mechanic, Eric Shrader, were killed, though the former actually died in hospital. The grim determination to win at all costs ended in this calamity, and I can only hope that, sad as this catastrophe is, it will act as a deterrent for similar tactics in the coming racing season. Burman was thirty-two years old, and had been head tester to the Jackson Automobile Company for many years. He tested the first Buick ever made, and, as driver of the Blitzen Benz car, created many records at Daytona, Florida (one kilometre in 15'88 sec.; one mile in 25'40 sec.; and two miles in 51'28 sec.). At Indianapolis track he covered the quarter-mile in 8'16 sec., and the kilometre in 21'40 sec. on the same car. Poor Bob! he hoped to hold the record of three miles a minute before he died, and though he was reported unofficially to have reached a speed of 155 miles an hour in practice, yet this accident robbed him of his hope just when it seemed about to be fulfilled.—W. W.

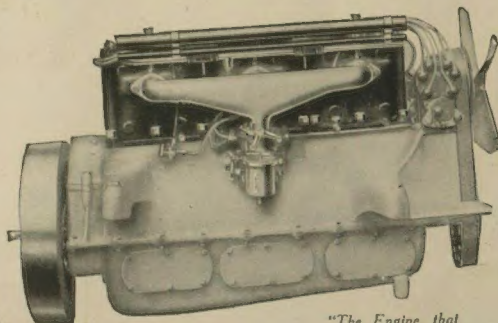


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line since the days of spare wheels, spare rims, and Stepneys, so what is there for the local motor-dealer to sell to you except oil and petrol, and these you can always get from the oil and colour man, from whom this part of

engined machine that makes its debut there. All the 1914 Grand Prix, Tourist Trophy, and other international racing-cars have been sold to Americans lately to take part in these track races. Honestly, I am



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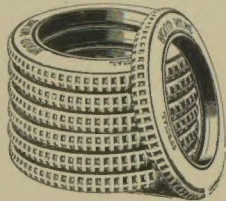
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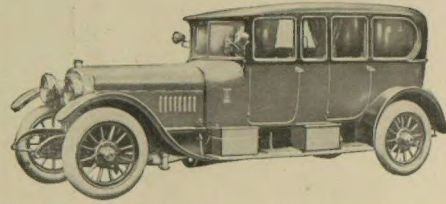
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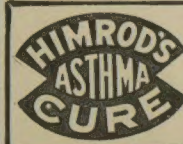
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## LADIES' PAGE.

"LAMP DAY"—that is to say, a London street sale of toy cardboard lanterns in memory of Florence Nightingale and in aid of women's war work—and a "Joan of Arc" day for French charities, marked once again the determination of the public henceforth to honour strength, courage, and initiative in women. The womanly associations thus called into mind were a striking commentary on Mr. Balfour's recent repetition of the old mischievous suggestion to women that it is expected of them to be cowardly, and readily and unduly frightened. The bombardment of a coast town, he easily observed, involving, as it does, awful noise and nerve shock, destruction to life, limb, and buildings, "must inevitably cause anxiety and even terror amongst women and children." The intention, doubtless, was not to sneer at women, but men will scarcely think that it is manly to submit to the enemy's foul blows rained upon their homes without a vigorous defence being offered or reprisals made. To object to this happening is, you are told, to behave "with terror—like a woman"! The names of Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale are fortuitously invoked before us precisely at the same time, as though by way of answer. The power of "suggestion" over the subconsciousness is only just becoming apparent. It is being successfully employed in the treatment of nerve-shattered soldiers, and even in such cases it does wonders. It is all-powerful for good or evil in education, and affects many acts and thoughts in our daily life. Such unthinking "suggestion" as that just quoted is too general about courage in women, from the nursery upwards: "Oh, you must not cry," a tiny boy is told when he hurts himself; "that is like a girl"—and so onward in life. Notwithstanding all this, women are generally brave enough.

There is certainly one advantage about the Roman Catholic faith for women in that it "suggests" by its female saints many desirable qualities to women believers. "The Blessed Jeanne d'Arc" is at present to all intents and purposes a patron saint of France. She is not yet canonised by the Pope, but holds the next position to sainthood in the heavenly hierarchy as recognised by the Church on earth. That she is only "the Venerable" does not prevent altars being raised to her in many churches, and crowds now go daily to implore help for the country from her intercession in this crisis. In Toulouse Cathedral I stood beside her altar and read a long form of prayer to her for aid in defending France that was hung up on a printed card for use; while several women knelt beside me in ardent supplication before the great and beautiful statue of the heroine—as imposing and inspiring as the statue of St. Michael that stood across the aisle. I happened once, too, to go into a church in Rome when an anniversary of the great stateswoman saint, Catherine of Siena, was being celebrated by High Mass said by a Cardinal, and relics of the saint were exposed in the

sacristy for visitation by her sister-women only. This is noble suggestion in a supreme degree. Yet at this juncture one would wish for some powerful suggestion

of honour and usefulness to the home-keeping, home-making women too.

There are helps in the house-cleaning tasks nowadays that our foremothers lacked, and an addition to the number of great value is the "Ronuk" Home Polisher, introduced by the well-known "Ronuk" polish manufacturers. It has the advantage of providing in one article a stiff brush for cleaning dirt from polished surfaces—floors, linoleum, and the like—and by the addition of an ordinary duster (which can be put on with the greatest ease, and, when necessary, taken off and washed) it forms also a smooth polishing rubber, giving a glossy finished surface without the worker going down on hands and knees. The "Ronuk Polisher," which costs but 5s. 6d., turns in any direction, and can be used at any angle on walls, skirting, doors, or floors—in fact, it is just like a long-armed hand with lever power. A booklet will be sent gratis by "Ronuk," Ltd., Portslade, Brighton.

A pretty and becoming fashion is that of a round veil thrown evenly over the top of a small hat, so that it falls just about level with the lips all round the head. Unlike a floating veil down the back, this round short veil does not make for dignity, but is a little saucy, so that it does not suit all types. The veil must be stiffened round the edge with a woven line, or velvet or inner wire. Big-brimmed hats are again most fashionable for full dress, and the charm is chiefly in the shape itself, the trimming being quite simple. A becoming idea that is largely used is an underbrim of a delicate colour, with a plain black or dark-coloured straw for the upper shape. Another idea is to have a shape covered with a delicate tint of silk, overlaid with chiffon, either white or of the very palest pink or blue, through which the underneath stronger colour gleams very enticingly.

There is an air of great simplicity about all millinery; but, as ever, the hand of the artist is recognised in results, and a hat that is really smart and becoming and pretty is apt to be rather expensive, though perhaps about half the price of a similar confection in the pre-war times. Charming wreaths of very tiny flowers passed round a low-crowned, wide-brimmed hat are sufficient trimming; and in other cases a single huge blossom—a water-lily, for example—posed on the brim is the entire trimming of a decorative, artistically curved shape. Three huge flowers, such as tulips in natural bright colours, or dark and pale roses, are similarly placed, perhaps with one upstanding, aigrette fashion; and then, again, one sees an actual stiff and bolt upright aigrette of tall flowers, such as ten-week stocks, or one of a variety of blossoms mingled—mignonette, pansies, roses, and so on—applied to the exact front of a hat, with no further trimming but a band of velvet or ribbon round the base of the crown. Mushroom shapes are seen, edged with a little fall of lace all round, shading the eyes prettily; and soft, flopping hats built all of lace or fine net have also appeared with success.—FLORENA.



A GRACEFUL EVENING-GOWN.

Of nigger-brown taffeta, with the bodice of chiffon over fine lace, run with gold thread and touches of embroidery. (Mme. Barri.)

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